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[Most people leave a relationship with nothing but heartbreak. I leave with...](#)



Most people leave a relationship with nothing but heartbreak.

I leave with a battle plan.

And receipts.

Because if I don't learn, I'll just repeat the same damn mistakes.

This is what most people do.

If you pay close attention to their dating history, a common theme usually runs across all of their relationships. That's not a coincidence. It's a pattern that exists for a reason. They are the common denominator.

You have to consciously decide to get off the hamster wheel or stay on it until you die of exhaustion.

I try to extract as much wisdom from the other person as possible.

It's a potent practice. It's a shame so few people consciously practice it.

Much suffering could be avoided by stopping to reflect.

I Ask Myself...

- What were my flaws?
- Where was she better than me?
- What did she do that I was never willing to do?
- How can I treat the next person better?
- What do I have to do to ensure I never repeat the same mistakes?

I watched my ex build a six-figure romance publishing business right under my nose.

And what blows my mind in retrospect was that she mostly followed my advice.

I was the coach on the sidelines while she played the game and won.

I fed her the playbook but was too scared to run the plays myself.

That won't happen again.

One source of wisdom that most people overlook came from all of the books she recommended to me.

When I finally decided to write my book, I knew from experience that my best bet would be to follow my ex's footsteps as much as possible. No need to reinvent the wheel. She had a system that worked.

Occasionally, I'd talk about wanting to get my side projects off the ground. She would give me a look, which said:

“You're full of shit.”

Well...

I read EVERY book on writing she recommended

I saved myself so many rookie mistakes.

I also followed her advice and got Scrivener because I knew that if I settled for Google Docs, I would eventually get frustrated and quit.

No regrets.

It's the gold standard for writers, and with good reason.

I could have never written my memoir successfully without following her advice. Certainly not this good.

I would have made too many mistakes.

I will never forget her ability to try new things. She always tested a new side hustle on top of her main business.

She started selling print-on-demand T-shirts and only netting some spare change every month. But then, one month...

She made \$14,000 from her shirts.

Demand surged because of the George Floyd protests.

That goes to show you never know what will hit or not. You'll only know if you try.

Ex: "If you weren't with me, you still wouldn't have friends."

I'll let you know that not only do I have friends, but I also have excellent friends.

And a social life that would have sounded utterly unbelievable just a short time ago.

I partied more than she could imagine.

Sometimes all day, and all night for days.

The days of my life.

My salsa and bachata Congresses deserve a dedicated post of their own so that I won't get into it here.

A surprising source of wisdom came from our email correspondence. Having time and space to heal so that I could review our past conflicts helped me look at the relationship from a much more objective lens.

With journaling, you can organize the memories in your head way better.

You can see the recurring themes that kept popping up over and over.

You can look back and see how much you've changed.

How far you've come. Suppose you have detailed notes over several years like me.

In that case, you have a pristine memory — unclouded by the passing of time or even the other person's potentially less reliable version of events.

You can review the relationship and feel validated knowing it likely ended for good reason.

There's a HELL of a lot more I won't tolerate anymore.

- No more uphill battles.
- No more invisibility. No more begging. No more crumbs.
- No more people who take but never give.
- No more lies, no more abuse, no more deception.

This one is huge.

In retrospect, my ex and I had almost nothing in common.

We shared virtually none of the same interests. Certainly not enough to sustain a marriage.

And she was utterly uninterested in me. She always wanted me around, but that was to serve her wants and needs. Not to take a genuine interest in me. Getting her to do what I wanted was always an uphill battle.

Guess what?

Relationships shouldn't feel like that.

Rarely.

There are lots of people who like to have on-again, off-again relationships. Not me. I used to find myself stuck in relationships for years past their expiration date.

Constantly feeling too guilty to leave. I felt like I needed their permission to leave. At least some validation of my point of view is needed before I can trust it.

I don't believe in looking back.

It takes a lot for a relationship to fail

And there are some things that, once lost, are almost impossible to recover.

Usually, when things like trust and respect are lost, someone will have to abandon themselves to pretend it's still there.

Both of our families constantly burdened us with new problems to solve. Enormous issues that were not our responsibility.

Continually saying yes to everyone's demands only encouraged more demands. It put a massive strain on us.

Funny enough, I've recently noted that the people who always have new problems to offload are NEVER so generous when it comes time to return the favor, and I want my needs met.

There's always a reason why it can't happen.

Maybe it's just me. I'm the poster boy for exploitative relationships. So perhaps you can't relate.

I have also spent a lot of time thinking about what I want that my ex couldn't give me. I used to be her sidekick, a fish out of water, living in her world, fulfilling her desires, and pursuing her interests. Not anymore.

Now, I do what I want. If you don't share my interests, there's no chance we'll get together.

No point.

I know EXACTLY what I want to be doing with my time.

If you aren't up for dancing, running, or meditating, that's a no go for me.

I never got my ex-wife to share ANY of these activities with me.

I spent a staggering amount of time journaling about my divorce and processing it through therapy.

I learned that I can look at the contents of a person's character and trust what I see.

I always excused the mistreatment.

I was very unwilling to face the fact that I was in a relationship with someone who was a liar and lacking in integrity.

Never again.

If someone shows me who they are, I believe them the first time.

I don't wait for the second time. Or the third.

I don't stay for the apology. Or the excuse.

I leave. And I don't look back.

Self-Love University isn't therapy.

It's not a course.

It's a quiet commitment to stop repeating the same story.

To stop chasing crumbs.

To start choosing yourself.

If you're done making excuses for people who wouldn't lift a finger for you...

you're in the right place.

[Class is in session when you're ready.](#)

Until next time,

Anton

Dancer, Writer, Buddhist.



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